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FEBRUARY, 1946

The Liberalist

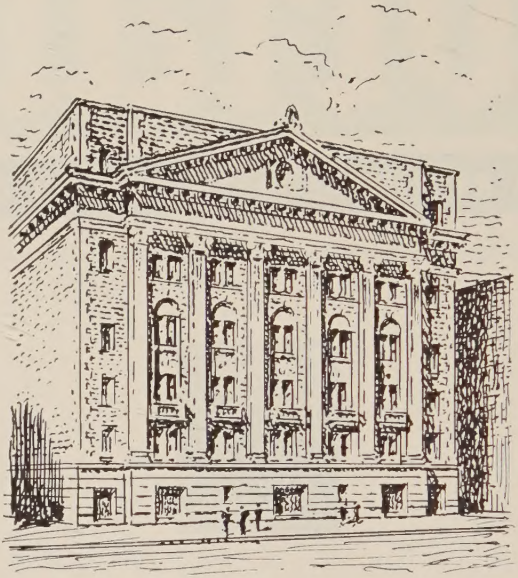
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Brotherhood

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth,
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it comes, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way then, clear the way:
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path:
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this Event the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood—
make way for Man.

EDWIN MARKHAM.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXII **February, 1946** *Number 11*

The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence at Sheridan

34th Year

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—11 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE—7:30 o'clock—Not Broadcast—2,000 Seats

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—9:30 a.m.

✦ ✦ ✦

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—8 o'clock

FEBRUARY BOOKS

February 6—"Reveille For Radicals"—Saul D. Alinsky
February 13—"Papa Went to Congress"—Kenneth Horan
February 20—"The White Tower"—James Ramsey Ullman
February 27—"Focus"—Arthur Miller

✦ ✦ ✦

DR. BRADLEY ON THE AIR

Every Sunday—11 a.m.—WJJD—Morning Service

Every Sunday— 6 p.m.—WGN—"Your Right to Say It" with Dr. Preston Bradley as Moderator

Every Weekday, Monday through Friday—6 p.m.—WGN

Every Wednesday a Book Review—Every Friday a Question Box

TO THE CHURCHES OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

GREETING

THIS forty-fifth year of our endeavor we gratefully recall the past and its well remembered leaders, and we plan for a greater future. At our beginning international comity was ill-defined and weak compared with what it has grown to be today. Then we were almost pioneers. Now provincialisms are dead, the world is one big place, and great inclusive unities must become effective if civilization is to increase. In this trend of the postwar days toward large co-operation we, as religious liberals, have our place and opportunity.

In many lands and for many decades we have been teaching the supreme worth of the individual and his high destiny. This we must ever do. But if we would bring life-giving water from the heights of vision down into the arid wastes of life, deep trenches must be dug. For these forty-five past years we have discussed our important intellectual concerns at our international gatherings, which is creditable. We have given evidence of our existence. But our international organization has undertaken few definite tasks, we have addressed ourselves to few projects. At our beginning Dr. Samuel Eliot said that our organization was to be "the evidence and the agency of world-wide religious liberalism." We have been the evidence, but in no equal measure have we been the agency. The International Association should become increasingly the agency, the channel, for religious liberalism, as well as continuing to be the evidence. For half a century we have been a consultative body; we must become also an active body. "Go ye unto all nations," said the Master.

As it is hoped that consultation between the member groups during this year 1946 will again set us on our way, I desire to testify and advise. And I offer the churches my credentials. I knew the work of the International Congress, now happily enlarged into the International Association, from its beginning in 1900. For the past thirty years I have actively assisted in our effort to help all our churches everywhere. Also it has been my high privilege to visit certain of the member groups; in Great Britain, including England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland; in Holland, Hungary and Transylvania; in Czechoslovakia and in the Philippines. I remember with reverence and affection many in these lands who have now entered into the world invisible. I would name with veneration Dr. Capek of Czechslovakia, killed in a concentration camp, a martyr to his faith, Bishop Ferencz and Bishop Boros, both of Transylvania and Hungary, and Archbishop Aglipay of the Philippines. Indeed and indeed, these people have passed through great tribulation. These great souls kept their faith, they fought a good fight, and now they have finished their course. I pay them and many others my homage and tribute. Now others take up their labors, leaders in whom I have heartfelt confidence. They, too, will bear a good testimony. Their great churches are like storm-lashed ships, captained with skill and devotion, still riding tremendous seas and now making their way toward smoother waters.

So out of such knowledge as I have I testify to the worth of our international organization. As a consultative body it has had a distinguished record. As an executive body with churches in twenty-three countries and a constituency of millions of people, it faces a tremendous and world-wide opportunity. We cannot do too much for example, in recruiting able men for our ministry and their preparation. We cannot do too much for adult religious education. We cannot do too much in fostering exchanges between our groups of students, lay-speakers and preachers. Once the International Association addresses itself to the practical needs of its constituents, there will never be a lack of practical projects to promote.

A new president must be found to help in all these important matters. I bid you God-speed. What we have done together is small indeed compared to what we yet shall do. May the Lord God bless all our churches.

On behalf of the Executive Committee,

Louis C. Cornish, President

"COURAGE!"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

I SUPPOSE if we wanted an example of the subject which is occupying our thought this morning—Courage—perhaps we might find it unnecessary to look any further away than the example in the pulpit this morning. Having spoken upon a subject as often and over as long a period of time as I have upon the subject of "Courage," one would almost assume that I had certainly said almost all that could be said upon the subject and that it must be an example of courage for a preacher to have sufficient courage to get up and talk upon any subject he had talked about as long as I have talked about this one; but the interesting part of it is that the more you talk about it the more courage there is required, and whenever I have spoken about it I have always discovered that some new aspect, or approach, bobs up somewhere before we get through.

Now, I don't apologize for the fact that I never preach but one sermon. That is all the sermon I have—just one sermon. All my life, even though I speak every day of my life, and have been preaching here so long that "the mind of man runneth not to the contrary," yet I have had but one subject. Everything which I say, and every talk that I give, is just a variation of one dominating imperative and motif that has characterized my life . . . I have not anything else to talk about. I don't apologize for that because I think everyone who is trying to live a significant life and to leave some sort of a hopeful, creative impression on life after they have left it, is dominated by one great imperative.

I have worked it in almost everywhere, at every opportunity. I get so that I look into the faces of my congregation sometimes when I am speaking about a certain thing and I think to myself, "Now, if I should stumble a little bit, or hesitate in finding the word I want to use, or be a little uncertain, there are several hundred people there who could prompt me right off, because they know exactly what my approach is, what my philosophy is." I have hammered and pounded on it all of these years, and they might say, "Well, I wish he would get a new tune," but I would rather stick to the tune I know. All my life, every moment of it, I have been dominated . . . I cannot escape it, I cannot get away from it, it characterizes my whole philosophy, my approach, without it I have nothing to say at all . . . my fundamental belief, the elemental idea that is constantly hammering away at my consciousness is that *HUMAN LIFE IS DESIGNED, CREATED AND PATTERNED FOR SOMETHING FINE!*

The mere fact that you are alive, that you have been born, that you are an identity, an individual—the mere fact that you have life, that you have a name, a personality, that you are YOU—is, to me, conclusive evidence that there is something fine and important and great and majestic for you. Of course I admit there are gradations. Of course I admit a variation in the quality of the soul of people. Of course there is not a complete synchronization so that two people are just alike, either in intellectual grasp or spiritual sensitiveness or moral awareness. We know

the great differences that exist everywhere, but *fundamentally,* there is the *SOUL,* and you have a soul. I wish I might find the definition of the soul. I have really never found what I felt was a sufficiently conclusive or comprehensive definition, but I think the soul of a person is the complete ensemble of that person. The soul is the real identification that makes you, YOU, the kind of person you are in your relationships with others, the standards which you have set for yourself, the norm which you embrace, your attitude, the fine distillation of your own reality, the thing that you are when there is no subterfuge and you don't feel you are trying to make an impression and you are just being yourself, perfectly natural, nothing about you phony or artificial or trying to be impressive or trying to be something that you are not, just you, the inner self, the soul, that's your ensemble, that's what you are—the soul, and I think that that is designed for something infinitely beautiful, infinitely powerful, infinitely progressive, infinitely a part of the OVERSOUL of all, which is GOD.

Now, what a pity that anything ever happens to that! What a pity that we let passion mar it and scar it and bruise it! What a pity that we permit our little attitudes of jealousy, and hate, and envy, to stain it with the definite capacity which these attributes have to mutilate the soul! I don't worry about anybody who can steal my pocketbook; I don't worry about anybody who can take away from me that which I might happen to possess; I don't worry about people who can destroy the physical and the materialistic environments of my life; they don't worry me; *but O, the influences that can destroy my soul,* the appetites, the passions, the hates that can just take this basic and beautiful soul that was given to you, and given to me, and destroy them so that we become swine and live among the husks, so that there is nothing in us that responds to beauty and goodness and fineness! We care not for the church; and the interesting universal observation is that the churches of America are being emptied now. There are fewer people in the churches of America today than there have been in ten years. There is a reason for that. People have gotten out of much of their miseries of war, they don't need God, they don't need the church, they are becoming self-sufficient again, they don't need anybody to help them, they are becoming certain and secure. When he was here recently I spoke to the Dean of Canterbury—he was here in Chicago not very long ago—and I said to the Dean of Canterbury, "What is happening to the churches of Great Britain?" and he said to me, "Since the war the church attendance in Great Britain, in all churches, has dropped nearly 50%, and during the war the churches of Britain were packed to overflowing," as were most of the churches of America. That is understandable, easily understandable, and I wish, I covet, I pray that there might be some way in which we could feel the necessity of not waiting until we are in an emergency, or in trouble, in order to call upon God, but to build a fortification of our lives by communion and union, and the maintenance of those influences in our lives—one of the great values which comes from worship, to keep ourselves constantly in such equilibrium that we can meet whatever life has to offer.

Now, that is going to require courage. I feel so limited and so circumscribed with the impossibility of making people see that, that I actually feel burdened, because I know what it would do to them. I know what it does to people to substitute safety, security, prosperity, until these things dwarf the

soul, shrivel it, and we become people with little souls: little-soul people. Now, we have got to find the right kind of courage to face this problem because it will take courage, and it will take a peculiar kind of courage. Plato, and Plato was one of the wisest minds that probably ever thought in this world, Plato said, that "Courage was a constant reminder of failure; that courage is a quality that we must continually court and develop even in the presence of a suspicioned failure which would mean disaster." I rather like that when you think it through, and it requires thinking through.

And so, at the beginning of this year, a year which undoubtedly will be of such decisive character that it probably will influence the next ten centuries of this world, what a pitiful thing it would be if any one of us, by our own individual collapse of not contributing to the fullest and highest, would fail this year! It would be unutterable tragedy should we fail to meet our relationship to it, and that is where a lot of people begin to fail when they feel that they, as an individual, have no particular relationship to whatever is going to happen, or whatever does happen—that you do not matter. *O, YOU DO! YOU DO MATTER!* You, who have been given life, who have been given a soul, *YOU DO MATTER!* The fact of the matter is, *nothing else does matter,* for you and I must live through with these personalities whatever does happen. We cannot run away from it, we cannot escape it, we are in it, we are a part of it, and when we embrace in our own technique of living the undeniable virtues which are not disturbed by wars, by any false economy, by any industrial upheaval, that are never disturbed by any international relations . . . do you realize that there are eternal qualities which are not influenced by external events? Do you realize that the words of the psalmist, when he describes the very thing of which I am speaking, were phrased in this sentence: "He hath set eternity in their hearts." Eternity is in your heart, it is in mine, and there are eternal values which cannot be destroyed or eliminated. Find those values, discover them by familiarity with the great and the best thought of the world. Find them in the unity of the great worship in which you admit into the consciousness of your being a reality of eternal truth which transforms the whole structure of our lives! Find a way in which you can establish comradeship, friendship, union, with those values and you will take on a strength of body, a strength of mind, of soul, that will send you through and into this uncertain future with such a triumphant victory in your lives that you will sing with joy, for you will be the *master* and none of these devitalizing, corroding things that tear, and twist, and stain, and mar souls can ever touch you. You stand within the fortification of unity with the eternal!

What would it do to thousands of lives listening now, to the people of the congregation in the Church, if on this first Sunday you would walk out of this building, or you would tune off this service, and realize to the full depth of its significance, the greatness of your own soul! Would you permit sin and passion and vice and drink and jealousy and envy to demolish the temple of your spirit? Of course, you would not! You are through with the barnyard and the swilltrough, and you dwell on the heights of cleanness, of love. That will take courage; it may cost you old friends—what of that? It may cost you prestige—what of that? You may not be able to fit in the sphere that you once knew—what of that? It will take courage! You may not be able to move in the same strata of society—

what of that? It requires courage to look a world in the face and say, "I have found the highway that leads on to the City of God!" *YOU WILL NEVER BE WHAT YOU MIGHT BE UNTIL YOU FIND IT!* You will fritter away life, dissipate your energy, spend your powers of body and soul—it will all turn to ashes and to gall, and you will create for yourselves nothing but the agonies and miseries of a great remorse.

Away with it, you are living souls! I care not who you are, what your name is, whether you have a million dollars or ten cents, whether you are black or whether you are white . . . I care not, in this first utterance of this new year. Sound in your souls the note of triumph, rise out of the lees and despair into the sunlit plateaus of the infinite and of God! O, the transformation that would come to your life, the new health that would vibrate through your veins and arteries, the new spirit that would take possession of you, *IT WOULD BE THE MIRACLE OF THE NEW YEAR!*

I wish I could inspire some soul today to see that truth, I could save you many tears, I would prevent many heartaches, I would be able to create for you a sense of mastery, a sense of victory, that is what life is for! You were not designed for all these, you know. You were not designed for failure, defeat, despair and cynicism—that was not in the pattern. It is because we permitted the disintegration that it has created the tragedy. Now courage in your hearts, courage in your minds, courage for your souls to face this future, and then no matter what it has for you, or what is in the dark, you can meet it beautifully, triumphantly!

Sometimes I think that we are all sort of lost in a fog. I came through the fog the other night, it was quite late, and in the fog, now and then, we did get a streak of light and saw the name of a street on the post, and then those little landmarks verified our direction and we finally arrived at our destination. You cannot see all the way. No one can. You cannot see all the problem. No one ever does, but there are little landmarks, perhaps one of them is just a moment of prayer, even in the silence, perhaps it is a hand clasp of a friend, someone who slapped you on the back in a moment of discouragement, perhaps it is a little letter, maybe just a note on a postal card, little signposts along the way in the fog, but they are there, and sometimes the very principles which would constitute a clear outline of the way are nearer than hands and feet.

They tell of a great fog that settled down upon a valley in Wales and a man was lost in that fog, lost for a night and a day. Finally, he sat down in the fog and just waited, and while he was waiting he suddenly heard a voice, and that voice said, "Perhaps he might have come this way." A shout, and he was no longer lost. Are you in a fog and you feel the sense of direction impaired? There is a voice, eternal, still, small voice—"Perhaps he might have come this way"—you listen for the voice and you will find the way out of the fog.

FOR ISOLATED UNITARIANS

If you have Unitarian friends who are living where there is no local Unitarian congregation, will you tell them that the Unitarian Church of the Larger Fellowship was founded for just such persons? It provides a continuous ministry and keeps in communication and fellowship with its members. Write to the minister of the Larger Fellowship, Rev.A. C. Dieffenbach, D.D., 25 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts, who will give information about joining the church.

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

WE ARE all familiar with the costume of a character in a play when he takes the part of a fool; usually a long coat, black tights, oversized shoes, and some modification of a dunce cap on his head, and generally carrying some sort of a musical instrument. I am sure you know the character I mean. Well, I found this story the other day about a fool:

He sat in gayest raiment on a boulder beside a crossroads, singing merrily to himself, as he fashioned a flute from a piece of reed. A traveler walking swiftly, though laden with a heavy sack upon his shoulders, paused and gazed perplexedly at several ways which lay before him. "What are you seeking, brother?" called the fool to the hurrying traveler. "Thou art no brother of mine, Fool. I am looking for the Road to Happiness." "Oh, but you are on the wrong road." "Is that so! Well, you may be a fool, but show me the right road and I will make it worth your while," and the traveler clanked his heavy bag of gold. "But you have already taken the wrong road." "Curse you, that is what you said before, and yet I have not moved a step. Enough of your insolence!" "Brother, you are getting further off the road," warned the Fool, earnestly. "Cease your gibbering nonsense, Fool, and put me on the right road. I will pay you well." "Alas, your gold is not enough." "Not enough? Mooncalf, this bag contains a king's ransom! I have paid well as I came." "Have you, though?

"What do you know of the treasures that lie in great books, of the jewels of color and form in fine pictures, of the magical enchantment wrought by exquisite music? Do you know the life stories of the flowers, the trees, the birds? Have you sought God's diamonds in the boundless heavens? Have you contemplated with awe the power of the infinitesimal atom? Have you been curious concerning men's adventures in science, philosophy, and the management of states? Have you sipped the dainty sweets that lie like drops of honey in the poesy of the world? Have you possessed the love of little children and fine old men? Ah, my brother, leave your gold here. The little folks will put it to good use; they will make wheels of it for their chariots. Fill your bag with the true riches of the world. At the first turn you will find the road itself beckoning to you."

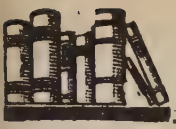
"Silly Fool, stand aside! I am on my way to seek Happiness," roared the Traveler, hurrying onward. And we are told the Fool went back to whittling on his flute.

In this little bit of fancy there is to be found something of great value to us all, I am thinking, as we journey along seeking for that elusive quality of life which we call happiness—a quality that never is achieved by deliberate effort, when happiness is the only objective. Happiness is always a by-product. It is always a result. The person who says, I am going to start out and seek happiness is the person who never finds it, but the person who tries all along the way to be the bearer of good will and good tidings and good cheer will never fail to find it. The happiest people I know are the people who have never thought about happiness; have never sought for it or worked for it. When we try to create happiness for others we ought not to forget that some of the finest gifts we can make are not those represented by money or by things, but by the little attitudes and the little thoughtful remembrances which sometimes can be expressed on a post card or spoken in two minutes over a telephone or written in a letter. Each one of us might be the medium through which the spirit of love could be projected in a thousand ways that perhaps we never think of at all.

Suppose each of us would get up in the morning saying, "Now this day I am not going to hurry, or rush or be worried. I am not going to be irritated; I am not going to permit little annoyances to upset my day. I am going to have a kindly attitude toward everyone I meet. I am just going to discipline myself throughout the day, so that when evening comes I shall not be a nervous wreck." I wish I could convince you how possible this is. I wish I could make you see how it would contribute to your real joy. It makes all the difference in the world, the spirit with which people enter into the things they do. It is true in big affairs and in little ones.

How much more would be accomplished at some of the meetings that are being held by foreign ministers today, if every other objective were subordinated to the final objective of attempting to create a world in which the human personality will have uninterrupted opportunity for development and for expression. But other things and other backgrounds always creep in. They have a tendency to defeat the main current, the main objective, and this is always disastrous. It is true of all investigations and conferences and trials, and sometimes I think much could be accomplished if there were an investigation of all investigations. The moment we are deflected from the main motive and the great purpose by inconsequential details, that moment trouble begins. The energy which is wasted and the time which is spent in the by-paths and away from the main road would put us all further along that main road than most of us ever get. The tyranny which we permit little and inconsequential things to have over us is one of our most destructive influences. People who are doing things and achieving things with life are the people who never take their eyes off the main objective and the ultimate purpose. Many an entire day is ruined because we permit some little triviality to shape the whole day's record. Sometimes in a crisis we have a glimpse of how fine we all could be, and the important thing now is to live up to what we know is our best self.

P. B.



BOOK CHATS

THE first book I would bring to your attention in this book chat is a most unusual book. It is entitled "The Practical Cogitator," or "The Thinker's Anthology." Now there are all kinds of anthologies—anthologies of poetry—of plays—of essays—and of many sorts, but until this book came my way I never realized there could be an anthology of ideas, and yet that is what our book is. It has not left my study desk since it came. The book was published on the ninth of last October by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Like all anthologies it of course has many, many different authors, but the two men responsible for this anthology have performed a task in a field which has never before been covered as adequately. Two men are responsible for this collection of the best thinking done over a wide range. They are Mr. Charles P. Curtis, Jr., who did most of the work and who is responsible for all the translations. Mr. Curtis has been a lecturer in government and sociology at Harvard, a member of the Harvard Corporation, and as Senior Fellow, a member of the Society of Fellows. He is author of "Hunting in Africa," "East and West" and a book which was "An Introduction to Pareto." He is also a distinguished member of the Massachusetts Bar.

Collaborating with him in this interesting achievement was Ferris Greenslet. Mr. Greenslet is a graduate of Wesleyan and Columbia Universities, and began his literary career as a reviewer for the nation and as associate editor of the Atlantic Monthly. Since 1910 he has served as a Director of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of which he is now the literary advisor. A member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and of the Massachusetts Historical Society, he is author of biographies of Pater, Lowell and Aldrich, and he wrote one of the most delightful of autobiographies—which I read with a great deal of delight—an autobiography entitled "Under the Bridge." I don't quite recall, but I think I reviewed the book a year or so ago. Mr. Greenslet's life has been and is the common ground where many worlds have met from the Washington of the education of Henry Adams to the Europe of Mein Kampf. He has observed the passing pageantry of the world; and now these two men working together have given us "The Practical Cogitator."

The book, say the editors, "has been called after Bowditch's Practical Navigator. At any rate it should be a sort of cerebral Coast Pilot, a compilation of what those who have been down this way before, report to those who might otherwise have to pick their course through these channels and into those harbors with nothing but the lead line." The selections, long and short, prose and verse, from many languages in fresh translations, cover a wide range of world literature from Confucius to James Cozzens, from the Old Testament to Gertrude Stein and James Joyce. Many of the passages quoted are of the kind that color the thought and shape the lives of men. It is the sort of book that one can keep on a bedside stand and just pick up and open anywhere and find something that will add to one's culture and understanding. In fact, to know the book

thoroughly would be to acquire a liberal education on some of the best thinking, by the finest minds the world has ever known.

There is a very complete index, covering a wide variety of subjects, so that in following a subject you can turn to the index and that subject will be classified and the page given on which the selections occur. Let me give you an example of what I mean: just now we are all interested in science, so I turn to the index and look up the word science, and the first thing that stares me in the face is a quotation by Claude Bernard, who said, "Science increases our power in proportion as it lowers our pride." See what a train of thought that starts in the light of this age of science, and you get an illustration of what I mean. And you find this quotation by looking either under the author's name or under the subject of science. The editors in assembling the book laid down certain rules, which were: "Nothing that is probably already too familiar or too accessible. Nothing purely inspirational, nothing sentimental. And yet nothing cynical. Nobility of thought keeps on the crown of the road, out of the gutters. Nothing that is not worth rereading. Some things that can be chewed over almost indefinitely. Pieces that are tough enough, juicy enough to chew. Some that are scarcely worth reading only once. As between the ancient and the modern, the modern. When we have used the ancient, it is because we know of nothing better since. The form in which the quotation is written to make no difference, whether it is a treatise, textbook, a letter, a novel, a speech, a play, anything is given equal welcome. There is no attempt at complete exposition, and, as they tell us, "The extracts provide pegs, stout and and well driven in, on which the reader can hang his own further thoughts. These pegs for further thought have been put more or less into line. If you will read the pieces in order, so much the better, but random reading is never really wrong. Not that the sequence is always logical—sometimes it may be a bit puzzling.

The book is divided into sections, and to give you an idea of what these sections are, I am going to give them: Man in Search of Himself—He Solicits His Past—He Turns to Nature—And Scrutinizes Her—And Himself—He Lives With His Fellows—They Better Their Condition—They Must Have Peace, Security and Liberty—And Justice—He Seeks Solace and Beauty—And Friendship and Love—And Even Something More"—and then the last division is one which they call "He Takes Better Aim."

They tell us the anthology has been set on the firm basis of personal choice. Many good things have been omitted from prejudice and from ignorance, and sometimes the editors plead lack of space. They will be disappointed if they do not get reproaches for omissions as well as suggestions for substitutes. As you open the book on the very first page, in part one, which is entitled "Man in Search of Himself," the first sentence that meets your eye is a quotation from the great Justice Holmes, who says: "Any two philosophers can tell each other all they know in two hours." And a few pages on, in the section devoted to the "Technique of Thought" is this opening quotation from Emerson: "Look sharply after your thoughts. They come unlooked for, like a new bird seen on your trees, and, if you turn to your usual task, disappear; and you shall never find that perception again; never, I say—but perhaps years, ages, and I know not what events and worlds may lie between you and its return!"

And this from Aristotle: "Poetry is finer and more philosophical than history, for poetry expresses the universal, and history only the particular." All in all "The Practical Cogitator" or "The Thinker's Anthology" is the finest selection from the best minds who have thought the best thoughts that I know of in our language.

* * *

Never in my lifetime have I known anything like the interest in reading and books which I am seeing evidenced everywhere I go. When the problems which I have to meet come thick and fast, and the work which I try to do piles up, all against the background of a disturbed and chaotic world, I have two little avenues of escape. When I feel the dynamo is not working properly and gives evidence of running down a little or the battery needs a little re-charging, I find time to do one of two things, and sometimes both of them. Sometimes after a speaking engagement in the loop at noon, or a committee meeting, or a library board meeting, or some of the things in which I am engaged and interested, if I feel the need of a little more perspective, the building of a little more reserve, I go over to Michigan Avenue and go into the Art Institute. If I can only spend fifteen minutes or a half hour, I go up to the George Innes room and just sit down and in the quiet beauty of that room I rest my soul with the beauty of George Innes. It has often rested me and given me a new awareness of values that nothing else has ever done. I sometimes go into an empty church for the same purpose; it doesn't matter much what church it is. And the other method is to stroll through the book stores and book departments. I don't go in with the purpose of trying to find some one book, or to spend much energy in discussing books with clerks or people I meet, but just browse, and what a fine word that is—browse—just loiter around the book stalls. Chicago has many fine book stores, many shops devoted exclusively to books, while in the great department stores one will find also book departments where a restful hour can be spent just strolling around. Never have I known a season when there was greater activity in the book world than there is this year; and the hopeful, encouraging thing about it all is that there are many, many fine books, and these are receiving more attention than the cheaper and mediocre items. People are interested in good books and good literature as they have never been before.

Books make such beautiful gifts that I am going to call your attention to a book that is just about as ideal a gift as anything I know in the realm of books. You will recall that in the last two or three years during the war, the little books for daily reading were so widely and favorably received everywhere, and particularly by the men and women in the military service. During that period I wrote a little book of my own called "My Daily Strength." That book now is out of print, but I hope that soon it may be possible, now that the paper shortage has somewhat cleared up, to get out another edition; but a book of similar character has just been published. It is a little book, reasonable in price, sturdily bound, will fit into the coat pocket, and is one that I know you would find of great value and inspiration and help. Of all the books of this character published, the one entitled "Strength for Service to God and Country" was most prized by service men and women. Over one million copies of that book were distributed. And now the man responsible for that book, Chaplain Norman E. Nygaard, has given us another little book entitled "Strength for the Day."

When I saw the title I wondered if my own book, "My Daily Strength," might not have influenced the title, inasmuch as mine was published more than two years before the present book.

Now here is what this book is: 370 leading laymen and ministers, representing many different denominations and sections of the country, each prepared and presented a day's devotions for "Strength for the Day." Dr. Nygaard, who assembled the book and who did the work—and it must have been very difficult—was a Chaplain overseas. He spoke not only to soldiers and civilians, but to thousands of people in England and northern Ireland. His poems were published in "Stars and Stripes," and he is now pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Steubenville, Ohio. To the list of men who prepared the first volume there have been added many names of outstanding clergymen across the sea. Many of our men and women who attended their churches when in service overseas and were warmly welcomed by their people will now find some familiar names in this new book that will cement the ties that were formed during the war. It is intended for those who in dark hours were comforted by a daily thought that uplifted and stimulated them. I am honored that Dr. Nygaard asked me to contribute a page to this new volume and I did so. My own page was contributed for the date of March 12th. There is a page for every day in the year, with some special pages devoted to special days. Dr. Nygaard has done a very necessary task and has performed it with distinction and discrimination. I have a copy of this little book on my study desk and when I begin my day's work there each morning, I read a page for that day. It helps. It is just the thing for a business man to keep in the side drawer of his desk, and when he goes to his office in the morning, read a page; or for the professional man, or the worker, or the housewife or the young person in high school. There is no denominational emphasis, and no effort to maintain a theological point of view, but each page deals with life.

Just at random I open the little book, "Strength for the Day," and here on the page contributed by Walter A. Voss, Minister of Trinity Lutheran Church of Sioux City, Iowa, is the first paragraph: "Some time ago I was at East Portal, Colorado, and stood in the entrance to the great Moffatt Tunnel, which carries the Moffatt Railroad under the continental divide. The tunnel was dark and forbidding. The two gleaming rails could be seen leading into the tunnel but a short distance before they were lost in the gloom. It seemed to me that this was a picture of our world today. The tunnel of life indeed looks dismal. Gloom and chaos swallow up our human ability to see through. But the tunnel also suggested a ray of hope for our crucial age. The two rails that lead into the darkness and gloom of the Moffatt Tunnel come out into the pure air and sunlight of the western slope of the Rockies. I know this to be true, for I have stood at the western end of the tunnel also." And so, this little book, "Strength for the Day," carries its message to the hearts of people. P. B.

* * *

On a recent Sunday afternoon I had the opportunity of appearing on the Town Forum Series, presented every Sunday afternoon here in Chicago. My colleagues on the program were the distinguished Rabbi, Dr. Louis L. Mann and Professor Francis E. McMahon. The subject of our symposium was "Can Religion Meet the Challenge of the Future?" The three points of view that of a Roman Catholic, a Jewish

Rabbi and a Protestant, all synchronized in one basic and fundamental unity. And now I am going to bring to your attention a book which one of the participants in our symposium, Professor McMahon, has written—a book which he calls "A Catholic Looks at the World." I have known of Prof. McMahon for a long time and followed his distinguished teaching career with much interest. He is now an associate professor of philosophy in the University of Chicago. From 1933 to 1943 he was associate professor of philosophy at the University of Notre Dame. Dr. McMahon took his bachelor's degree at De Paul University here in Chicago and his Master's and Doctor's degrees at the Catholic University of America. He was also a student at Louvain University and the University of Munich. In 1941 and '42 he was President of the Catholic Association for International Peace. And in 1940 was President of the American Catholic Philosophical Association, and it was interesting to me to discover that he also writes a weekly column for the New York Post.

In the symposium Dr. McMahon made one statement with which I am sure no fair-minded person could possibly disagree, when he said there is only one ultimate quest for us all and that is a quest for the truth. "What is Truth?" is the question which man has been seeking to answer down through the ages. Now Dr. McMahon has given us this book, a book entitled as I said a moment ago, "A Catholic Looks at the World," and published by the Vangaard Press.

I have nothing but pity for the type of individual who, because of prejudice, refuses to read or listen to those who may not be of his own faith or creed. The protestant who stays away from a good book or the work of art or the poem or any other thing, because the author may be a Roman Catholic is the type of person who is not interested in finding out all the truth; and a Roman Catholic who refuses to read the words of a protestant or to acknowledge any contribution of protestantism because the author is not of his faith is in the same category, and the same thing, of course, applies to the Jewish people. The value of this book is that it presents factually the attitude of the Vatican and many of the social-minded organizations within the Roman Catholic Church on this whole question of totalitarianism. There are many people who believe that the Roman Catholic heirarchy is opposed to democracy and the democratic processes. Dr. McMahon faces this issue fairly and squarely and no person can read his explanation and interpretation of the situation without having his own ideas changed and his own conception altered. Dr. McMahon is a liberal in the best and most constructive sense of that word. To many non-catholics it will come as a surprise, if they read the book, to know exactly what some of the papal utterances have been on both international and domestic issues; and to those who are catholics on the other hand, this clear exposition of a constantly progressive point of view will be found in keeping with the historic doctrine of the church. One gets a very clear picture that there are two sides to the criticism often raised against the Roman Catholic Church that it is a friend of Fascism and Totalitarianism. There have been experiences in the past which might indicate that such is true, and within the catholic fold itself there is a great diversity of opinion in regard to the more progressive, economic and social pronouncements which have come from the Vatican. Professor McMahon appraises frankly the failure of many Christians as Christians and of many liberals as liberals to measure up to their full obligation, and he also outlines with clarity

and distinction the role of America, which he declares must be one of leadership in a world democratic unity, faithful at once to the universal principles of western culture and to the aspirations of every human being for a life of dignity and fulfillment. He makes a point, and I think quite soundly, that Christianity has not failed, but Christians have; liberalism has not failed, but Liberals have. In other words, religion and democracy do not fail. It is the people who fail religion and democracy.

The value of Prof. McMahon's book to me, as I read it, was the clarification which it brings to some issues, for those who only have a superficial knowledge and who base their opinions largely upon rumor and headlines and prejudice. No one is entitled to a dogmatic opinion until he gives evidence that he has exhausted all sources of information and has progressive familiarity with all aspects of a problem. Dr. McMahon has never once failed to stand for every progressive principle of freedom. He has a sensitiveness to social and economic injustice, to unfairness and to intolerance, and all this without disturbing, as indeed it ought never to disturb, his belief in and devotion to the spiritual qualities of his church. I have long believed and have often said that a person should attend that church, should accept that religion, which answers the needs and the hunger of his own soul. The accessibility of any altar before which one chooses to bow must never be disturbed, and even though we may have our separate techniques of worship, our separate theological beliefs and attitudes, we can unite in attempting to build a social and economic and industrial and governmental order in which we can all live and breathe and worship freely. Poverty, unemployment and disease are not ear-marked by any ecclesiastical brand. Suffering and hunger and lack of opportunity are common afflictions without distinction of race, creed or color; therefore, it seems logical, and Professor McMahon makes out a flawless case for the idea, that people of all religions and all creeds and all colors must find a way in which they can work together in the sphere of human relations, each willing to permit the other such religious loyalties as he may choose to embrace. The hardest task before us all, and the most formidable challenge which the future has, is how to break down the barriers of prejudice. None of us is sinless—Catholics, Protestants and Jews alike all have some skeletons in the closets, but the more yonder-minded in all of these groups are now beginning to see the light and the truth, that we all share a common future. Because of this certain common destiny it behooves us to cooperate in those spheres of human activity that shall create a better environment for the freedom which we love and the liberty in which we all believe. Professor McMahon has written a great book, great for both Catholics and Protestants, for he looks at the world sanely, clearly and heroically, And for the final thought of this book chat I quote from Dr. McMahon's book these words: "It will not be an empty dream if America does her part. America faces the dawn of a new era, as the mightiest nation in history. Our strength and our vitality alone will not make a better America, or a better world, but that strength and vitality well enforced by vision and high principles, can transform the globe. Those who know America for what she truly is, will be certain she will not fail either humanity or herself."

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

WHEN I sit at my desk to write this Mail Bag, involuntarily I glance out of the window at my elbow—perhaps looking for inspiration—so often we expect our inspiration to come from without; but today, it is instantly evident that no inspiration will come from that direction; the smoky black branches, though seen against a blanket of white (for snow fell in the night and is still lazily floating down) are not etched at all, but hazily and murkily seen against a gray sky and grayer lake. In fact there is hardly any sky or any lake, just a bank of heavy gray atmosphere, from which one's impulse is to turn away at once. Then where shall I find inspiration to say something of interest by way of introduction to the ever-interesting letters which arrive to lift the blanket of gloom which a very dreary spell of weather has forced upon Chicago for much too long a time?

You may laugh if you wish, but the inspiration that Dr. Bradley just brought into the room and which came through the mail, was not a letter but guess what? It was a calendar sent by a friend. Just a great big calendar with an immense bouquet of lush yellow roses. It really wasn't artistic—there were too many roses crowded into a vase too ornate, but yellow! That was it, they were yellow! Just a flashing suggestion of bright golden sunlight across a murky day, and it gave me an idea! How to capture that flash of sunshine so we might use it, all of us, to brighten up the flu-laden atmosphere with which we have been battling for oh, these many weeks. We can't all go to Florida or to some sunny southern clime; we can't even order fresh flowers every day, nor even every week at present florist prices. Well, what are some of the things we can do? Material things, I mean, to help boost the inner morale? Well, I just remembered I have a cheery yellow tablecloth for the breakfast room! That might help! Then for later in the day there are salads that add their note of color—fruit salad on a crisp bit of lettuce, or even bright fruit itself on the table brightens up the atmosphere. Perhaps one has a plant in bloom that can be borrowed from its place in the window at mealtime. We can use our brightest dishes, our brightest napkins—oh, we just have to use our wits in times like these.

It makes me chuckle all to myself as I think of what I'm writing—sounds like advice to housekeepers. Well, what of it? Don't housekeepers need advice at a time like this? With the war just over, the world in a clamoring mess of attempted readjustment, and then black, smoky weather on top of it all, one has to do something a little out of the ordinary to pull the family spirits up to where life can be lived at a high level. So while your letters help to encourage and stimulate to new efforts both Dr. Bradley and myself, and Dr. Bradley's sermons and addresses in church and over the air do so much for our spiritual and mental lift, we, too, in our smaller spheres of influence can

brighten up the material landscape with our touches of color around the house as well as bright bits added to our costumes on these days when we all need a lift. Don't let's wait for spring to do it. Let us tide the time over until spring with a little ingenuity of our own. You know it's quite old fashioned and out-of-date to wear our dullest clothes on a rainy day. That's why we have gay and colorful umbrellas. And don't tell me the psychology of it isn't good. I've tried it, and I know. Well, now let's see what the Mail Bag has to offer.

* * *

The first letter I wish to give you will not be new to those who always listen in to Dr. Bradley's six o'clock broadcast, but it is so very interesting from the standpoint of the "romance of radio" that I want to share it with those who may not have heard the broadcasts it involves. Some time ago Dr. Bradley mentioned hearing from R. M. W. Kempner, in Nurnberg, Germany, on some special work for our government. Mr. Kempner later wrote and thanked Dr. Bradley for a copy of the broadcast, and sent a message to his listeners. Dr. Bradley read this letter over the air. A few days ago the following letter arrived from Irving Fisher, of Chicago:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: On your broadcast of Friday evening you mentioned receiving a notation from Robert Kempner in Germany thanking you for a copy of a recent broadcast of yours. You are probably wondering how this copy got there, so I'll try to clear up the mystery for you.

"In December of 1944 I wrote you something about myself and mentioned that I had been blind for eight months at that time, and was looking for a musical instrument to keep busy with. You answered me with a very nice letter, which I still have in my possession.

"In August of 1945, my kidney condition became aggravated and my eyes became even worse than before. I went out to Durham, N. C., and entered the Duke University Hospital because I had heard of the marvelous work they had done in cases of my type. The doctor in charge of kidney and heart cases was one Dr. Walter Kempner. He put me on a special rice diet. He saved my life and in due time hopes to save my eyes. I was in Durham for two months and so got acquainted with Dr. Kempner, who told me he had a brother in Pennsylvania, who was a lawyer and was on the War Crimes Commission.

"Shortly after I arrived home, I heard your broadcast of November 9th, and as soon as you mentioned a Robert Kempner, I linked him up immediately with my doctor at Duke. I sent for a copy of this broadcast and mailed it out to Dr. Walter Kempner. In answer to my letter he wrote me, 'Many thanks for the clipping about the "colonel." I have forwarded it to him.'

"I was very much surprised upon listening to you mention Robert Kempner in Germany receiving a clipping.

"I am leaving for Durham once again on February 2nd. I would like very much to have a copy of your broadcast of Friday night, January 18th, so that I may take it out there with me. If you can possibly send it to me within that time, I would appreciate it very much.

"Thanking you in advance, I remain, Yours very truly, Irving Fisher."

* * *

The following telegram really belonged in the January Liberalist, but we are only now taking it from the Mail Bag and want to share it with you. Many of you will remember that

there is an Izaak Walton League Chapter up in Minnesota which has been named for Dr. Bradley, and the following telegram was received by Dr. Bradley on December 22nd, from Tower, Minnesota:

"At our annual meeting held here last night I was instructed to wire you our very best wishes for a joyous Christmas season. We especially want to thank you for everything you have done for our local chapter, our city and your numberless friends on Lake Vermilion. We wish for you and your family an abundance of good health, happiness and prosperity in the approaching New Year. Robert B. Olson, Secretary, Dr. Preston Bradley Chapter."

Because we spend three months of the year at Lake Vermilion and have our island summer home there, we have many friends at Tower, around the great and beautiful Lake Vermilion and the surrounding country, and Dr. Bradley and I both appreciated this message at Christmas time.

* * *

Here is a very fine letter from a former County Superintendent of Schools of Bureau County, Illinois, who has known Dr. Bradley for some 25 years and wrote as follows:

"My dear Dr. Bradley: Under another cover I am sending you a copy of my little book, 'Under the Elms.' I hope you may find some of the verses worth reading and to your liking.

"My sending this to you at this time is a token of the esteem I have held for you and your work these many years since I first had the pleasure of meeting and listening to you.

"The occasion was a teachers' meeting held here about 25 years ago. I was then County Superintendent of Schools of this, Bureau County. I not only had the pleasure and honor of presenting you to my fellow teachers, profiting by your message, but the social contact with you after the evening meeting was an experience I shall never forget. I went with you to Pieri's Fruit Store where you purchased your daily apples and visited with Mrs. Pieri about Italy.

"Since then I have listened to you many, many times from platform and over radio, and always with deep interest and spiritual uplift. I like your philosophy of life, your practical Christianity, and your universal love of mankind.

"May your great service continue for many more years. Sincerely yours,

George O. Smith."

There are some truly lovely thoughts in Mr. Smith's little book "Under the Elms," and I give you this short one, which expresses so much, and is called "My Passing":

"I would go to eternity as the leaf,
green in service,
varied in shades of beauty,
part of a large symphony of color,
singing a passing song from spring
to winter,
And guided
by the hand of
the great Architect."

* * *

The following letter was received in December from E. Hope Hopkins, a technician at Station Hospital, Fort Story, Virginia:

"Reverend Sir: Often when using 'The Litany' cut from one of the Peoples Church Sunday leaflets, I think that I should like to try to express the upsurge of gratitude that I feel toward the author of the most meaningful and deeply satisfying prayer I've ever known. The Christmas season is the occasion for my effort in this direction.

"In these times when all the world is so tragically missing 'the way' this

prayer expresses the attitude of spirit from which all else must surely flow to us. It is a splendid piece of writing, through which shines the inspiration from which it stems. It is of immeasurable help to me as it must be to uncounted thousands.

"My most sincere and humble thanks. E. Hope Hopkins."

* * *

The following letter, or a part of it which we quote, is from a very responsible business man and for obvious reasons we are not giving the name, but it is a very authentic letter, with name and address of the writer given, and Dr. Bradley was very happy to receive it. In part the letter reads:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: While I am not a member of the Peoples Church, I am a member of 'Alcoholics Anonymous.' Thanksgiving marks six months of living the AA program for me. For this period of sobriety, together with its many blessings, I am deeply grateful to you. Perhaps this will come as a surprise to you." (Some of our readers may remember that Dr. Bradley gave a radio review of the book "Alcoholics Anonymous" on an early November broadcast.)

"However, early in 1945, your sermons seemed to hit home to me, and for the first time in my life I sincerely wanted to do something about my drinking, as well as to gain some sort of spiritual understanding. I had read much about Alcoholics Anonymous and they seemed to have what I needed. There are many similarities between your ideas of God and prayer and their entire philosophy of living. In my case, both seem to be working. Your radio review of the book was wonderful, and while you probably will not hear from all of them, hundreds of AA's have told me of its value to them.

"So for everything you have done for me, Dr. Bradley, let me just say 'thanks' until such time as I may better express my gratitude. Inasmuch as I was a member of the radio audience last Sunday, please accept my offering just a little late. Sincerely yours."

* * *

And with the next letter I must close the Mail Bag. It is from Gladys M. Orr, of Riverside, Illinois, who writes:

"My dear Dr. Bradley: I am a frequent listener to your broadcasts, both each evening and on Sunday, and, like you, I am inclined to optimism for the future of the world, even though now almost everything tends toward fault-finding and chaos. That is the aftermath of every war, I suppose.

"I enjoyed your talk to the Friends of the Library here, also.

"Perhaps you might enjoy this short poem of mine expressing my ideas on the subject mentioned in my first paragraph. I call it 'Convalescence':

"In dripping sweat, upon its rumpled bed,
The crisis over and the fever spent,
The war-sick world falls feebly back, gasping for breath.
No sudden rising, now delirium's gone,
To go about a daily even life.
The horrid memory of days just past
Clings like a vampire to the heaving breast,
Keeping the sufferer weak in mind and limb.
And not until some God-inspired hope,
A selfless seeking for another's gain,
Shall say 'Arise! Take up thy bed and walk!'
Will lasting peace and health return,
The Great Physician having said the word."

I wish to leave you with the thought of Mrs. Orr's poem, and so, don't forget to write,

AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

December 15th, 1945, to January 15th, 1946

DECEMBER

16—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Candle Light Service (J.B.G.)
17—Radio Address. WGN (J.B.G.)
18—Radio Address. WGN (J.B.G.)
19—Radio Address. WGN (J.B.G.)
Book Lecture. Peoples Church (J.B.G.)
20—Radio Address. WGN
21—Radio Address. WGN
Christmas Address. Western Electric Co.
Shreve Estate Conference
22—Radio Conference
23—Two services. Peoples Church
24—Radio Address. WGN
Christmas Eve Service. Peoples Church
25—Radio Address. WGN
Christmas Day Service. Peoples Church
26—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Kiwanis Club
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
27—Radio Address. WGN
28—Radio Address. WGN
29—Address. Iroquois Theatre Memorial
30—Two services. Peoples Church
31—Radio Address. WGN
Watch Night Service. Peoples Church

JANUARY

2—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
3—Radio Address. WGN
4—Radio Address. WGN
5—Radio Address. Teachers' Union. WCFL
6—Two Services. Peoples Church
7—Radio Address
Address. Ad. Men's Post, Legion
8—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Sinai Sisterhood, Shoreland Hotel
Address. Annual Meeting Kiwanis Club. Brookfield, Ill.
9—Radio Address. WGN
Attendance reception to Gov. Stassen
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address. Men's Club. Sinai Temple
10—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Chicago Public Library
Book Lecture. Uptown Players

11—Radio Address. WGN
Attendance meeting Chicago Council Against Racial Discrimination. YMCA.
Radio conference. WGN

13—Two services. Peoples Church
Radio program WGN. Premier "Your Right to Say It."
14—Radio Address. WGN
Library Board Meeting
Board Meeting. Peoples Church

CHRISTENINGS

DECEMBER

23—Shirleyan Margaret Coopmans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Coopmans

JANUARY

6—(Adult) Stella Stephanie Simmons

FUNERALS

DECEMBER

15—Edith Lowrey
23—Mrs. Helene Shepard
28—Ernst A. Beyer
29—Lillian Nelson
Mrs. Alda Ward
31—Jacob K. Grill

JANUARY

2—Thomas Williams
3—Mrs. Lillie B. Laas
4—Hugo Arnold
9—Mrs. Gilkey
Mrs. Ella Baker
12—Josephine Jouris
Amanda Dreede
14—Mrs. Mary Jane Mogg

WEDDINGS

DECEMBER

15—Frank Wersching and Dorothy Glindkamp
22—Patrick H. Kerrigan and Hazel Brown
23—Capt. J. K. Friedberg and Betty Patrick Guinan
Benjamin Cover and Geraldine Brook
Carlos R. Vaughn and Margaret Baker
27—M. R. Roberts and Cora Nichols
29—John Elhart and Clara DeVries
31—Walter Werner and Alvina Wood

JANUARY

3—Russell Pitts and Marie Layden
11—Robert Henry Wiggins and Miss Barbara Barna
16—Willard Nelson and Valerie Johnson
19—Perry John Chase and Jeanne Browning

The following new members were publicly welcomed into The Peoples Church, Sunday, January 6, 1946:

Mrs. Oliver B. Becker, 4619 Magnolia Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Cotter, 1534 Fargo Avenue.

Miss Emily J. Field, 607 Pine St., Manistee, Michigan.

Mrs. Emma P. Holland, 2349 N. Clifton Avenue.

Mr. Bernard Kamodolski, 2240 N. Kimball Avenue.

Mrs. Charles R. Kane, 3743 Broadway.

Mrs. Harriet Kelley, 5644 N. Maplewood Avenue.

Mrs. Nellie Rorabeck, 2107 Orchard St. (from the United Church of Canada).

Mr. Robert Emmett Tufts (somewhere in the Pacific).

Mrs. A. R. Weissgerber, 3542 N. Janssen Avenue.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighmor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year, beginning with the current number.

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* * *

Held Over by Popular Demand

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"

by Moss Hart and George Kaufman

with

J. Bradley-Griffin as Sheridan Whiteside

Every Friday and Saturday eve through February 16th

Curtain 8:30

* * *

FEBRUARY DRAMA TEA

Sunday, February 3rd, 4:00 p.m.

Two One-Act Plays, Directed by Members of The Uptown Players

* * *

FEBRUARY SPOTLIGHT

Jerry Schmal will Review

"The Gauntlet," by James Street

Thursday, February 7th, 8:30 p.m.

* * *

Coming March Production—

"HAND IN GLOVE"

A Mystery Drama by Charles Freeman and Gerald Savery

* * *

Bradley-Griffin School of the Theatre

Dedicated to the personal progress and Artistic Achievement of the stage and its allied arts. Classes are conducted in—Acting and Characterization, Voice and Diction, Radio, Script Writing, Stage Makeup, Costume Design, Stage Design and Foreign Language. Special Classes conducted for Junior Theatre and 'teen age groups.

Honor Roll

Adams, Franklyn
Adams, LeRoy
Allen, Robert George, Ens.
*Anderson, Frank
Anderson, Harold
Anderson, Norman P.
Andrey, G.
Arms, George F., Stf. Sgt.
Arnopol, Richard Arthur
Ball, Kenneth R.
Bartlett, Tommy
Baumann, Robert
Berglund, William
Berhalter, Howard
Blue, Lloyd, Jr.
Blue, Wayne P.
Bluhm, Arthur
Bluhm, Ben C.
Bluhm, Herbert, Major
Boaz, Charles
Bower, Clyde F.
Brosious, Donald W.
Brosious, Edward P.
Buchanan, James W., Sgt.
Bunn, Robert R.
Burkhard, Gordon Robert
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Cappelli, Mario, Jr., Lt.
Carlseen, Howard
Carlton, Rosalie M.
Christ, Frank G.
Code, James
*Crane, Charles C.
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Dahlstrom, Gordon R.
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Droth, Betty
DuMont, Harry
Dwinell, Robert M.
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Edelhart, Marvin I.
Eldred, Robert L., Lt.
Elya, Verl
Eronson, Frans
Estal, Wendel, Cpl.
Ettelson, David
Etter, John T., Jr., Lt.
Faulkner, Donald G., Cpt.
Felch, George
Fishman, Carl Leonard
*Formanek, George, Jr., Lt.
Fortuin, George J.
Fulton, Robert Harry
Fuss, Charles, Cpl.
Fuss, June
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Freitag, John L.
Garner, William C.
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Gill, Robert E.
Goetz, Fred H., Jr.
Gray, Harry S.
Gregg, Noel Dudley
Gregg, Robert D.
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Hagen, John H.
Hangel, Robert L.
Hannum, Robert
Hansen, Harold E.
Hansen, Robert J.
Harbert, Marvyn F.
Harling, Robert, Sgt.
Heg, Winslow
*Killed in action.

Henderson, Tom
Henderson, William
Hendrich, John
Henning, Anne E.
Hobbs, William F., Sgt.
Hoots, Harold W., Cpl.
Hurley, Betty Best
Hurley, William R., Sgt.
Ingersoll ,Harold
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Johansonn, Eileen
Johnson, Lawrence
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Kemper, Calvin C.
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Klingler, Lambert H.
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Kokoefer, E.
Kosner, James, Cpl.
Kramer, Hans
Kredler, Arthur J., Jr.
Kredler, Stanley
Kreutzer, Fred H., Lt.
Kruskopf, George E.
Langley, Philip
Lantz, Huber C., Cpl.
LaPointe, J. C.
Larsen, Vincent William
Lauletta, June Blair
Lawson, Roy O., Sgt.
Leffler, Ruth
Lehnert, William A.
Lichtenebert, Rudolph
Maddox, Don, Cpl.
Marsh, Carlton H., Lt.
Mason, Frank J.
McCord, Sarah Parks
Merrick, Jay
Merrill, Leslie
Meyer, James H., Capt.
Meyer, Kurt
Meyer, Robert H.
Miles, Mark Alan
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Miller, Roger
Molzahn, W. A.
Moore, Florence M.
Moran, Walter
Mostek, Raymond
Murphy, Robert J.
Myers, William V., Sgt.
Needham, Daniel Arthur
Nelson, Harry G.
Nelson, Howard C.
Nonnenbruch, Edw. W., Cpt.
Norris, Donald J.
Novotny, Anton
Oldenburg, Forrest A.
Olson, Robert
*Osterberg, Robert
Paige, Charles
Palmer, Earl
Palo, Alfred C.
Palo, Clarence W.
Palo, Douglas L.
Parlette, William H.
Paschal, Edward
Perfumo, Leo A.
Pfaff, Henry, Jr.
Philbrick, Betty

Phillips, James E.
Phillips, Jim
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Plummer, Pauline M., R.N., 2nd Lt.
Poquette, Robert E.
Post, Clee S., Sgt.
Proud, Kurt, Lt.
Quesnall, Arthur
*Randall, Tabor Charles
Replogle, Jacob Estes
Riley, Lester G.
Roof, James H.
Rowley, L. C.
Rowley, Yale W.
Salamon, Rudolph E.
Sauser, Martin
Sauser, William
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Schnorr, Robert K.
Scholler, Robert W., Ens.
Schroeder, William
Schulten, Marjorie, Lt.
Schumacher, Arthur
*Sexton, Walter Scott
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Shurman, Frank M.
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Strand, Richard P.
Sweet, Mary Louise
*Taylor, Alfred
Terry, Duane R.
Thomas, Theodore Gaillard
Thompson, Jean
Tilles, Marie
*Tinling, H. John
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Vespermann, Bruce W.
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Wegner, Gerhard
Weinberg, Sidney
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Wesche, Orville
White, George A.
*Widener, Virgil Drew
Wiederer, Elmer Michael
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Wilkins, E. J.
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Williams, Arthur J.
Williamson, W. Ross
Wilson, Andrew C.
Wood, Robert, Jr.
Wood, Thomas, Jr.
Woods, Daniel Jack
Woods, James W., Jr.
Woods, Tom Lee
Yarrington, Mary Alice
York, Carroll D., Cpt.
Yous, Donald, Cpt.

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SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)..... 11:00 a.m.
SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE..... 7:30 p.m.
CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall.. 9:30 a.m.
WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES..... 8:00 p.m.
CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday, Church Auditorium..... 7:30 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Regular Meetings in Anderson Hall..... 1:00 p.m.
Monday, Feb. 11th, 1:30 p.m., in the West Lounge of Edgewater Beach Hotel—Afternoon Musicale, with Mrs. George P. Hettinger, Chairman. Assisting, Mrs. Thomas Sumner, Mrs. O. N. Naylor, Mrs. George Bassler, Mrs. J. P. Wahlman. Guest Artists—Edith Shaw Brown and Robert Metzler, Duo Pianists.

Monday, Feb. 25th, at 12:30 o'clock, in Anderson Hall—Birthday and New Members Party. Following the Luncheon, Mrs. Carl Johnson, Chairman, will present Garen Bohlin, whose subject will be "Bio Dynamics" or "Health! Beauty! and You!" Later in the afternoon there will be a "True or False" contest.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB
Meeting in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Monday, Feb. 4th, Helen Topping, Dr. Kagawa's American Associate, who has recently returned from Japan and is now working on a book which gives an account of her work with Dr. Kagawa and contemporaries in Japan, will be presented by Mrs. L. E. McCloy, Program Chairman.

Monday, Feb. 18th, Annual Card Party, with Mrs. Gertrude McCord, Chairman, assisted by Miss Dorothea Thompson. Everyone welcome, men and women.

MEN'S CLUB—Meeting in Anderson Hall, 4th Monday of the month 8:00 p.m.
February meeting, February 25th

USHERS' CLUB—Meeting in Anderson Hall, 1st Tuesday of each month 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257
J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas.
(See Special Schedule, page 22, this issue)

Dr. Bradley's Radio Schedule

WJJD—Dr. Bradley's Sunday morning service..... 11:00 to 12:30
WGN—Every Sunday—"Your Right to Say It"
Dr. Bradley, Moderator..... 6:00 p.m.
WGN—Every Weekday Evening, Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.
Book Review on Wednesdays—Question Box on Fridays.

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